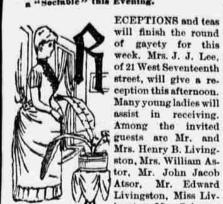
SOCIETY TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

RECEPTIONS AND TEAS TO FINISH THE GAYETIES OF THE WEEK.

Many Young Ladies to Assist Mrs. J. J. Lee in Receiving This Afternoon-Mrs. S. B. schieffelin's Second Reception to Ocean This Afternoon-The Marion Club to Give sectable" this Evening.



ECEPTIONS and teas will finish the round of gayety for this week. Mrs. J. J. Lee. of 21 West Seventeenth street, will give a reception this afternoon. Many young ladies will assist in receiving. Among the invited guests are Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Livingston, Mrs. William Astor, Mr. John Jacob

ingston, Mrs. Coreman Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Miss Belle Wilson, Mrs. William Van Rensselaer, Miss Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. George B. Post, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and

Mrs. Newbold Morris. #
The Princeton Glee Club will give a concert this evening at Music Hall, Orange, N. J. Dancing will follow.

Mrs. S. B. Schieffelin, of 958 Madison avenue, will give her second reception this after-Mrs. Edward Anthon, of 25 West Thirty-

third street, will give a reception this afternoon and a second one on Dec. 17. Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, of 117 East Twen tieth street, will give a ten to-morrow after-

A "sociable" will be given this evening by

A "sociable" will be given this evening by the Marion Club at the home of M. F. Brevoort Allin, 214 West Fifty-ninth street.

Mrs. Woodward, of 6 Gramercy park, will give a reception to-morrow afternoon.

Mrs. J. F. Plummer, of 24 East Fifty-sixth street, will give a reception this afternoon, followed by a dance in the evening. Miss Adele Plummer, who has lately returned from a European trip with her father, will make her debut.

Mrs. Philip J. Sands, of 15 East Thirty-third street, will entertain the Friday evening Dancing Class this evening.

Mrs. Beste, of 367 Lexington avenue, will give a reception to-morrow afternoon.

Miss Marguerite Humbert, who has been abroad the past two years, will make her debut in society to-morrow afternoon at a reception given by her mother, Mrs. Pierre M. Humbert.

Mrs. Henry D. Tiffany is the Secretary of the Ladies' Christian Union, which will give a parlor fair to-day at its branch home, Second avenue and Eighteenth street.

Mrs. J. Ricketts Lawrence, of 246 East Eighteenth street, will give a tea to-morrow afternoon. Miss Lawrence will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Heidelbach, of 54 East Fifty-eighth

receiving.

Mrs. Heidelbach, of 54 East Fifty-eighth street, will give a matinée musicale to-

street, will give a matinee musicale tomorrow.

A general dinner is given every Wednesday
evening at the Home Olub, at 21 West Twentyfourth street, to which each member has the
privilege of bringing a friend.

A brilliant audience greeted the amateur
actors yesterday afternoon at the opening
performance of the season. Mr. Edward
Fales Coward made his first appearance since
his illness. He was particularly happy in his
part.

mark.

Mrs. William Astor will give a large dinner on Saturday evening, Dec. 17. Mr. Astor sailed yesterday for England on the Celtic.

Mr. J. Beanett will give a theatre party this evening to some friends, who will witness "Elaine" from Boxes A and B of the Madi-

on Square Theatre. Mr. Charles T. Collis has a music room in her new home overlooking Central Park, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Eighty-sixth street, all in white and gold enamel, which is called the "ivory room." The engagement of Mr. Carl Sadoux and Miss Elsie Rutherford is one of the recent inouncements. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Fleet, of 171 Lex-

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Fleet, of 171 Lexington avenue, will give a reception on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Platt will give a tea on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 15.

Old Men for Council. (From the Omaha Warld, 1 Youthful Active Partner-Well, you told me ti

sell everything for what I could get, and take trade where I couldn't get cash.

Aged Sileat Pariner—Yes, it seemed the only way
to stave off bankruptcy. What is the result?

"Two thousand dollars in cash, one ton of secoud hand overshoes and five tons of giucose."

"That's all right. We'll start a gumdrop factory."

No Encouragement.

(From Judge.]
"You're altogether too funny. It's a wonder you don't try to set the East River on fire.' Young Man-What would be the use? You'd be the first one to try to put it out.

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH

HIS WIFE'S OTHER HUSBAND.

[BY J. S. F.]

(Synopsis of Opening Chapters.—In a little fishing village on the British coast the Rev. Godfrey Hemming was preaching his first sormon to a new charge one stormy Sunday morning. A minute gun at sea told the story of a vessel on the rocks. The minister dismissed the congregation and joined a life-bost crew in aiding to rescue the passengers and crew on the sinking saip. He drew one half-drowned woman from the waves, and she exclaimed:

he was, scemingly petrified.
"Violet!" he said; "Violet—you! Is it possi-

T sight o'clock that evening Sir Edward a moment or two a stout red-faced old surveyed the baronet

at home?" he asked.

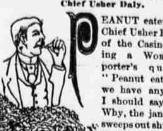
tered an affirmative, and motioned him to the door opened. An old sailor sat by the fire mending a net, vounger men lounged

and two or three younger men lounged about smoking; but Sir Edward scarcely noticed anything as the woman conducted him across the kitchen and through a narrow

stone passage to a room beyond.

PEANUTS AT THE THEATRE.

They Cloud the Otherwise Bright Life of



EANUT eaters?" said Chief Usher Bob Daly, of the Casino, repeating a World's reporter's question. Peanut enters? Do we have any? Well, I should say we did. Why, the janitor often

sweeps out shucks that, if they were cast-iron and of the same bulk, would weigh a ton. That was during the summer, though. There t so much munching of peanuts now as there was.

"You see," continued Mr. Daly, "the peanut eaters are the countrymen-and girls, too, for that matter. You can tell them as soon as they come up the stairs. They gaze about wonderingly and admiringly at the magnificence of the interior and get in their own and everybody else's way; or they are of the other sort, who are determined not to show that they are 'country,' and are indifferent to everything, even to the ushers' directions.

directions.

"As a usual thing these parties buy a 50-cent admission ticket and want the best seat in the house, and they usually insist that the chief usher shall seat them. They think their half-dollar has purchased the house.

"They have provided themselves with peanuts and they are bound to have just as good a time as they ever had at the circus, and I suppose they kick at the absence of the loudmouthed young man with the citric acid lemonade.

But peanuts are nothing compared with "But peanuts are nothing compared with ice-cream." continued Mr. Daly. . "They frequently bring into the theatre those little paper pails of frozen corn starch and failk which they call ice-cream. and Tootsey will feed Wootsey with a pressed tin spoon; Woots will return the compliment for Toots, and thus they alternate until all of the abominable combination is gone. Oh! it's a whole circus sometimes"

GUESTS WHO DO NOT REGISTER.

Why Some People Keep Secret Their Visits

to New York. Among the thousands who visit New York daily there are many who are not in the least anxious that their presence shall be known. Talks with the clerks of several of the prominent hotels show the fact that many people of social and political prominence come to New York who are extremely desirous of re-maining unknown save to the very few with whom their immediate business is to be

whom their immediate business is to be transacted.

At one hotel the prim little man who looks after the rooming of guests bristled up at the suggestion that any person ever failed to register there or registered under an assumed name. The clerk of another hotel did not scruple to acknowledge that many prominent people failed to place their names upon the register. In this instance the unregistered guests were all society people who did not care to be deluged with visiting cards and be obliged to perform their wearisome duties to society while in the city on a purely business errand.

errand.

The demands of society, however, are as nothing compared with the impertinent inquiries of a political constituency, and that is perhaps and probably the reason why so many country legislators are secret visitors to the metropolis.

many country legislators are secret visitors to the metropolis.

"Do you have many guests who fail to register?" was asked of the clerk of a centrally located hotel.

"A great many," said the clerk, "They are mostly politicians and particularly country politicians—members of the Legislature. Their visits are usually made during the sessions of that body and are especially frequent when some bill affecting New York interests is pending. You see an, announcement that 'Assemblyman Slocum Johnson, of Wayback, is registered at Bedloe's Hotel,' at such a period would result in the propounding of puzzling conundrums in that honorable gentleman's district."

Vivid Description.

[From Judge.]
Rounder, inquiring about a fellow-rounder of " Have you seen Smith this morning ?"

* Yes."

* How did he look ?"

* Well, I think that by sticking a p'n into him ou could get a cocktail."

Didn't Help Him a Bit. "Why, Pat, for heaven's sake what's the mat-

although, sorr, I took some parrus green widin five minutes after ter kill th' baste, shtill he's just raisin th' divi inside o' me, sorr."

Almost Every Druggist

LOVELY WOMAN ON THE "L."

TRIBULATIONS MET WITH IN BUYING TICKET AND GETTING A SEAT.

Tale of Three Bundles, Two Children, On Lace Parasol and Their Mistress-Insufferable Men at the Stations-Such : Pushing and Scrambling and Everybody Furious Because a Woman Was Ahead.



FLL, good-by," she said. "I must fly to catch this next train uptown. Oh, yes! I always take the 'L' to save time. You know I'm a perfect crank on _time_just like a man!" She had been talking with a friend on the corner of Franklin street, and now she tore across the street. laden with three bundles and a lace parasol, and followed by

two children. She went up the steps to the station on the down side of the track, and then she said: "Oh, sugar!" and turned around and went down again. She forgot one of the children, who ambled along under the window ledge of the ticket office and was checked in an artless desire to premenade down the car track by the man at the drop-box.

By the time she reached the sidewalk she

missed her offspring, and, with a shrick which drew a crowd, she flew up the stairs and across the station and snatched the infant violently away from the guard, as if he were personally responsible for her fright. She kissed the baby and then she slapped it

She kissed the baby and then she slapped it and bore it away wailing.

When she got across the street it was just 5.30, and she struck the usual crowd of weary business men, who were all ready to break their necks to get the first train uptown. They did not get it.

Her shoe was untied and half way up the stairs she scated the children on one step and put her foot up another and strengthened the barricade with the bundle and the parasol. The men swore and pushed and struggled, but she made a good bow-knot and tucked the ends in neatly before she started on again.

when she got to the window of the ticket office she laid her bundles down on the sill and began to hunt for her purse. She went through all three pockets of her ulster before she found it, and then she opened it and fumbled through it and finally laid down a sto hill

*10 bill.

"Can't change that, madame!"

"You can't change \$10?"

"Come, hurry up, please,"

"Well, I think you're real disobliging. I
thought I had 10 cents here, anyway."

The train came thundering into the station and the invested and

The train came thundering into the station and the impatient crowd surged forward and a half dozen enterprising men slapped down their nickels, grabbed their tickets and got by over her head.

She stopped to glare after them before she hunted through the pocket of her dress skirt and brought out a little knitted silk purse, fastened together by two cunning little steel rings. There was a glimmer of coin through the meshes of the silk, and a hopeful gleam lighted the weary face of the man in the ticket office and was reflected by the waiting crowd. But those cunning little steel rings refused

But those cunning little steel rings refused to part. They were caught in a thread of the silk and she pulled them and poked them and shook them and hammered them against the window ledge.

She took out her hat-pin and tried to pick a knot out of the silk and got red in the face and looked around to see if anybody was laughing at her. She gave one last vicious tug, and then she said, plaintively:

"Oh, dear! isn't this provoking? Don't you think you could change that bill?"

"Ha-a-rrl'm tra'n!"

There was a sudden mad, desperate scramble in the crowd, and the agent said:
"Here! you'd better step back into the station and get out your change!"

"Here! you'd better step back into the station and get out your change!"
"Well!" she said, bridling indignantly and grabbing at her bundles, and just then 10 cents dropped out of her glove and rolled along the ground.

"There!" she shrieked, pouncing on it in triumph. "I knew I had 10 cents, I put it in my glove to have it handy."
She snatched her tickets, left her bundles on the window, and pushed the children along in front of her towards the train.

"Here! Drop your tickets!" called the

"Here! Drop your tickets!" called the guard as she sailed by. And the conductor had to extricate the lace ruffle of her parasol from the gate before she got safely aboard.

There were no seats, and she stood on a man's foot and hung from a strap with a weary fainting averaging until semelody.

Almost Every Druggist
is now making up Sachet Powders, and will, no doubt, tell you they are "much better than Riker's," and all that STUFF.

Well, but them, if you like, but but EARLY, so that you will have time to get Riker's AFTERWARDS, and get your Mouchoirs, &c., indished in time for Christmas gifts. You don't want to make a present and have the recipient say." "Hah!" "She might have put a decent Sachet Powder in it." "There's no smell to TRIS at all." Now do you?

Insist on having Riker's Sachet Powder and perfumes in the original package. Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers throughout the United States. If any druggist refusee to supply you, you can be sure of getting what you ask for at the dry-goods house or general stores, or direct from Ww. B. RIEER & SOG.

Druggists and Perfumers, established 1846, at 385 6th ave., New York. *.*

scattered all over the place, and and," suddenly missing her bundles, " and my packages stolen, positivity snatched right away

from me."

'Oh, I know all about it, my dear! I albase just such a time. But what can ways have just such a time. But what can you expect? Men are so inconsiderate.

Interesting Information About One-Ryed People and Glass Eves.

(From the Jewellers' Weekly,)
One-eyed people who can afford it have two glass eyes, one for day, the other for evening use. The reason for this is that the pupil of the eye is smaller n the day-time than at night, and hence the two glass eyes are of different sizes, so as to correspond with the natural eye. The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on

with the natural eye.

The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on account of competition, and at the same time the quality is better than hitherto. A common glass eye may be had for \$10, but they are not a good imitation and do not last long. A first-class eye coars \$30, or even more. The best will not last over two years, because the secretions in the holiow of the eye roughen the glass by chemical action, and this roughness irritates the flesh. A glass eye, like false teeth, is taken out at night, for it would not be sate to go to sleep with it in the cavity. It might drop out, and the slightest fall would break it.

If a person could buy glass eyes at wholesale, by the gross, he could get them for about \$2 apiece. But he would have to look over a great many before finding one to fit and to match his other eye in size, color and expression. Glass eyes are all made abroad, principally in Germany and France, no factory having been started here, although there is a great demand for them in this country.

A glass eye is not made after the shape of a natural eye, because when the latter is taken from the cavity the tissue just back of it pushes forward and leaves but little space. The false eye is, therefore, elliptical in shape. The outer sine preserves the natural form, but the lance side is nearly flat with rounced edges. It is slightly larger than the natural eye, so that when inserted in the cavity it may not slip out. At first it irritates the eyelids and the tissue back of the cavity, but the wearer grows accustomed to it and finds it a rest and a protection.

A skillful coulist can put a glass-eye into the cavity so that very close observation is necessary to detect it. Not only are the size and color of the natural eye counterfeited, but even the general expression. The oculat has yet to discover means of giving that sympathetic movement which distinguishes a pair of eyes. There is quite a large number of people with glass eyes, say one in 400, You would not know it by casual observation. for the wear

Story of an Embroidered Drop-Curtain.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]
The famous drop-curtain of the Madison Square Theatre, made six years ago, was the first work executed by a group of women in New York, whose executed by a group of women in New York, whose subsequent efforts have placed on a firm foundation what deserves to be called the only distinctively American School of Art in the country. Some day the great American novel may materialize; some day we may have an American School of Painting or of Music. Some day we may not look to Europe for art culture in any line. Meantime the Associated Artists of New York have established a School of Embroidery, whose work is as characteristic of listime and founded on as enduring art principles as were the old Gobelins tapestries. The exhibition of American tapestries in progress for the past fortnight at the rooms of the society has demonstrated again the fact that as beautiful drapery, upholstery and wall hanging fabrics are being produced in this country as are made in the world to-day. Mrs. Candace Wheeler is the head of the Society of Associated Artists. She is a sister of Mrs. Jeannette Thurber, of American opera Jame, and the mother of Dora Wheeler, an artist of exceptional powers. Mrs. Wheeler is an exquisitely pretty woman, who looks quite as much like her daugnier's cider sister as her mother, and has a thoroughly feminine charm. She is a woman of business sense also, and the affairs of the society have been managed with skill and discretion. She has pashed embroidery further and in a more independent direction than any other art in the country, has been a very apostle to teach self-help to young women and has made considerable money withal, by her Inventions of new methods in tapestry and of artistic fabrics and dyes. subsequent efforts have placed on a firm founda-

The Art of Lining the Face.

[From Chambers's Journal,]
The art of "lining" the face to simulate the rinkles of age is one very imperfectly understood. Frequently does the amateur performer draw a byrinthine meshwork of thin, dark lines, which abyrinthine meshwork of thin, dark lines, which only convey the effect of a dirty face when seen upon the stage. The point to decide is rather how few than how many wrinkles to mark upon the face. A few broad touches partaking more of the nature of shadows than of mere lines will often give an effect which would be destroyed by any attempt at a more minute treatme t. The lines should be made with dark red, not black. An ordinary water-color cake and a small brush are the implements needed. The natural wrinkles of the face will afford the best guide to where the artificial ones are to be painted, although, of course, they must be varied according to the character to be represented. For example, in marking the "crows" feet "in the outer corners of the eyes a jovial expression is given by drawing the lines downward and a serious or mournful expression by drawing them upward. It should pression by drawing them upward. It should urther be borne in mind that if the light is strong the liming will require to be strong in proportion, but in performing by an imperfect light the lining should be subdued as much as possible.

They Kept Him Busy.

[From Puck.] Miss Breezy (of Chicago, to young Mr. Wabash) Did you have a pleasant visit in Boston, Mr. Wabash ?

Mr. Wabash—Well, yes, rather.
Miss Breezy—You found your time fully occupied, I imagine?
Mr. Wabash—Yes, indeed! I spent about half of it studying the dictionary.

Had Not Heard It. (From the Kansas City Journal.)
"Have you heard the latest?" asked Smithers of Jones, who had dropped in during the evening at

the Smithers mansion.

"No," replied Jones cagerly; "what is it "
"There it is," returned Smithers gloomily, ss a loud wall was heard from the nursery. "You hear it now. It's another boy, and, by George, he has got a pair of lungs!"

"I can't make it out, Arabella. It's some-

wants to see you."
"Nancy Wood!" cried Miss Spicer.
"Goodness gracious, Arabella! It's with
Nancy Wood that that female lodges. Show

says she.
"I shouldn't have no objections, Miss Spicer and Miss Arrybella." answers Nancy. "I allus did say that your ale were better than any in Elmsea; and I'm that faint with toilin' up the cliff that an odd glass'll do me

OUR MONSTER POST-OFFICE.

(New York Letter to Hartford Times,)

I have taken the trouble to compare the business

of to-day with that of the early days of our office;

the result is startling. Statistics are somewhat

dry as a rule, but whoever will take the trouble to

The Vast Volume of Business Handled New Compared with Fifty Years Ago.

think as he runs over the following figures will find room for astonishment. From the official report I find that during the year ending Dec. 31, 1886, the total number of pieces fleiters, cards, newspapers) of mail matter delivered from the New York offices was 293, 233, 853; the total of pieces re-York offices was 293, 233, 353; the total of pieces re-ceived in these offices and forwarded was 534,854,444. The handling of this mass of matter required 845,786 lock ponches and 2,297,298 sacks; the average number of pouches, sacks, and cases passing through the office daily, was 11,122. The money paid out and received in the money order department of the main office and its fitteen branch offices amonated to \$74,285,296. The expense of running the New York post-offices was \$1,675,497 and the receiving 44,595,296, when a new revenue money paid out and received in the money order department of the man ordice and in streen branch offices amonated to \$11,233,036. The expense of running the New York post-orders was \$1,655,487 and the receipts \$4,095,582, giving a net revenue of \$2,922,856. The number of employees was \$1,655,487 and the reality the year fourteen had wagons carried 132 loads of mail matter between the railroads and the main office; the average daily number of wagons from business and publication offices deliveriog mail in buik at the main office was 974. There are eigsteen foreign mails descatched every week, one mail frequently requiring from seven to nine two-noise trucks. Beside the fifteen branch offices, New York has 1,388 street letter boxes, from which collections are made twenty-six times a day in the most crowded parts of the city. In 1886 the offices sold 165,260,969 stamps, 25,452,260 stamped envelopes, and 41,685,760 postal cards. Tweive nundred publications are mailed to their sauscribers from the New York offices and 3235 tons, showing an increase of 48 per cent. since 1881, when the oally weight was 130 tons.

This is an extraordinary business as compared with the New York offices was 1235 tons, showing an increase of 48 per cent. since 1881, when the oally weight was 130 tons.

This is an extraordinary business as compared with the New York office for the cent with the New York office to 48 per cent. since 1881, when the oally weight was 130 tons.

This is an extraordinary business as compared with the New York office for more than half a century, was a mine of information concerning those carly days, and 1 find in many of my note books of ten years ago recoves of talks held with him and file i away for future use. In 1820 over the office and to several the clerks in his family. It was his habit to go down into the office about 7 o'clock every morning in his dressing-gown to see that all was goleg well, returning upstairs for breakfast. The working force consisted of seven clerks. In 1826 one of the clerks in his

Men Who Distribute Money by the Carload

Once a Month.
[Prom the Pitteburg Commercial Gasette.] The paymasters of the several railroads running into the city are getting ready for their regular Railroad and the Pennsylvania Company have the largest number of men on their pay-rolls. The latter company have in the neighborhood of 11,000, who draw over \$500,000 monthly. The men are paid in eash—generally gold. The car, after paying all the employees in Pittaburg and Allegheny, goes out upon the road about the 11th of each month. They reach Chicago about the 11th of each month. They reach Chicago about the 11th of each month. They reach Chicago about the 11th of each men along the road are given notice that the car is conling by the train preceding it carrying blue flags on the engine. On the flags are the letters "P. M." meaning paymaster. To guard against attacks of robbers at night very little money is kept in the car. Before the paymaster starts out he telegraphs to banks at different points along the line that he will be there at a certain hour on a certain day with a check to be cashed. The check is just for about the amount that is to be paid that day. The first point checks are given is at Salem, O. where very often the amount is \$90,000. A representative of the bank meets the car at the stainon and exchanges the money for the check. There are always three or four men besides the train crew on the car. The paymaster and his assistants go heavily armed, and it would be a hard matter for anybody to rob the car. The car stops at all staitons along the line, and the employees in the immediate vicinity are supposed to be on hand to receive their money. The paymasier counts the money out before them and they sign the roll in his presence. J. H. Fredericks, one of the oldest employees in this city are apid in checks on the Merchants and Manufacturer's Bank. The checks are received by mail and chistributed by the officials of the various departments. Those out the road get their checks from the pay-cars. There is one car for each division. They pay out about \$500,000 monthly. If an employee wishes to get his money, for good cause, before the regular time, he is paid out of the contingency fund. Railroad and the Pennsylvania Company have the largest number of men on their pay-rolls. The

EDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH 4 6TH AVES. gency fund.
The Baltimore and Ohio road pay about 2,500 men.
The officers and others in this city receive checks and the loyees on the road are paid in cash. About \$200, AJEES—The Mystifying Chees Automaton.

BLIOU OPERA HOUSE—EIGHTH WEEK.
BURLESQUE
COMPAN,
65 ARTISTS. Eve's at 8 (sharp), MAUSWEdAStat 2

LYCEUM THEATRE.
Begins at 8,16.
The New Usmody,
MATINEE
SATURDAY.

THE WIFE
SATURDAY.

ployees on the road are paid in case.

The Pittsburg and Lake Eric has about 1,500 men on their rolls who are paid about \$15,000 are cash. Each man's money is put in an envelope with his name, number of days he worked and amount of money he is entitled to. It takes two and one-half days to pay them.

The Panhandle Rairoad cardisburses about \$160,-000 between this city and Columbus. It also pays the Cleveland and Pittsburg employees.

Curious Pets the Craze.

Curious pets are the fashionable craze. A pious up and down cat and dog no longer satisfy madame. She must have some other creature on four legs, or without any legs at all, to amuse her and agitate her nervous visitors. Mrs. Langtry

"So you've got a lodger, now, Nancy?"

50c.

"And you will tell the people that I am going to stay here to work in your parish?"

she said.
"Need I tell them anything?" he said "Surely you can do anything you

"But if I tell them that you are an old frieud of mine and going to help me in parochial work they can say nothing. Do you know them?" said the vicar. "Two dearer old souls I never knew. So full of kindness and devotion. To-morrow I will ask them to call on you. And when she is better. Miss Leighton, of the Hall, will call, too. At present she is too ill to go anywhere or do anything. She was to have been married at Christmas, and a day or two before the wedding day her intended husband left Elmsea and went no one knows where. Such a sad affair I never

suddenly stopped.

suddenly stopped.

"Nothing. thanks—only a little cold. There," she went on, putting a veil over her face and turning up the high collar of her furred coat round her neck, "that is better. What were you talking of? Ah, Sir Edward Lascelles. You were saying"—

"I was saying that our rooms adjoined each other in college. I have known him all my life, in fact it was he who gave me this living. For eight or nine years he has been abroad, and it was only on the death of his uncle. Sir Hobert, that he came back," said the Vicar.

"And now, poor fellow, he's gone again."

"But why," asked Violet, "especially

has an alligator was works to a charm for this purpose; Mrs. Cleveland is credited with adoring a pet mouse; Mrs. Hicks-Lord piays with a chameleon named Bully; Miss Neily Golud has a jet black causary which came from South Africa, but which is without any racial prejudices, and Mrs. William Astor lavishes her affections on a Swiss anall. Mr. E. Biarry Wall divides his heart between a turtle and two comic black French poodles. The latter are shaved ilon fa-blon, and sport bangles and other jewelry on their miorable legs. Thus it is that some animals have a better time in this life than the majority of humanity.

Cough or Cold, or Your

Cough or Cold, or Your Money is Returned. A Pleasant, Swift and Sure Cure for

How He Accounted for It.

(From the Pittsburg Chronicle.) "Sallors are a profane set of men, are they not,

especially those on the men-of-war?" asked a lady

it ?" By their constant connection with warship,

Getting On Bravely.

ion : in regard to heating the cars with steam ?

[From Pick.] Citizen (to Railroad Official)—What has been

The Proper Purchaser.

[From the Chicago Times.]
A syndicate of Paris jewellers recently asked

Mr. Gould to buy a diamond valued at \$2,000,000-lie told them frankly that he was not wearing

\$2,000,000 diamonds just yet. Mr. Gould dislike ostentations display, and is no customer for the owners of such a high-priced jewel. They should be on the lookout for an American hotel clerk.

Its Probable Source.

effect that a Yankee has taught ducks to swim i

hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Do you know what paper it's from ?
Assistant—Must be the Caristian at Work,

And Still She Knew Them Not.

(Prom the Chicago Journal.)
The maid was fair and tall and young,

With flashing eye and ready tongue; Had been abroad, had been to school— Yet knew not mushroom from toadstool.

Could woo the music with winning wiles.

From York to Frisco tell the miles; Knew Iodia, Russia and Stamboul— Yet knew not mushroom from toadstool.

Could talk in German, French and Greck, Mistook not onlon for the leek; Knew peppers hot from olives cool— But knew not mushroom from toadstool,

.

Pile, pile the marble pillar high Until its spex pierce the sky; Cut deen, cut deep with graver's tool— 'She knew not mushroom from toadstool,'

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AT DRUGERAYS EN MALED.

[From Life.]
Editor (to assistant)—Here is a clipping to the

of a naval omcer.

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Pelless must have been wrecked so that I when he was about to be married? And the when he was about to be married? And the day so near, too! It seems so strange."

"It was strange." replied the vicar; "and it has nearly killed Miss Leighton, who, poor girl! doesn't know the real reason of Sir Edward's leaving her in such a manner. All she knows about it is that he wrote her a note stating that he must go abroad, that their marriage could not take place, and that he hoped in time to be able to explain why."

"Cruel!" said Violet. "And have you no reason to account for such conduct?"

"Yes," he said; "there is a reason Edward Lascelles did not marry—because I fear he has not the right to marry. He had some entanglement with a girl in Australia, and it was only till he thought she was dead that he dared offer marriage to any other woman. By some means or other he found out a few days before his marriage with Miss Leighton that this girl was living, and he deemed it best to leave the country. Where he has gone to I do not know, but I expect to hear from him every day. At present I can only approach him through his lawyers, Jones and Winter, who tell me his address is to be kept secret."

"What a sad history!" said Violet. "I feel quite curious to see Miss Leighton." "Cruel!" said Violet. "And have you no

"What a sad history!" said Violet. "F
feel quite curious to see Miss Leighton."
"You will find her very much changed, I
fear," said the vicar. "But remember,
Violet, not a word of this to her. It would
kill her to know that Edward Lascelles had
been previously married. Let us hope all
will come right in time. Now, good-by.
You shall begin your work to-morrow if you
will"

Continued from Thursday.

and she exclaimed:
"Why, Godfrey Hemming, is it you?"
The vicar started like one shot, and stood where

Edward Lascelles, the rector's friend, was about to marry Diana Leighton. The woman Hemming rescued was an adventuress whom Lascelles had married, but they separated, and he believed her dead. The woman sought out Lascelles on the eve of his wedding and told him that he was still her

> knocked at the door of the little cottage. In woman opened it, and

" Is Miss Charteris The woman mut-

The door of this she threw open without

further ceremony, leaving the baronet to walk in unaunounced.

He found himself in a long, low room, with great rafters running across the ceiling, and with an old-fashioned fireplace which burnt a hig fire.

great ratters running across the ceiling, and with an old-fashioned fireplace which burnt a big fire.

The door opened and Violet entered. She looked more beautiful than ever: the color in her cheeks was bright and full.

She came up to the Baronet with outstretched hands and ready smile; but he saw neither hands nor smile, and refused to take the chair she pointed to.

"You won't sit down, Sir Edward? Well, this is certainly no place for one used to such splendor as is doubtless to be found at Lascelles Place, but we should have thought it comfortable if not really elegant, out in the bush—shouldn't we?" she said in a mocking voice that drove her visitor to desperation, and made him put a very strong guard over himself. "How wonderful it is that we should meet again after so many years of cruel separation! You really ought to be overjoyed to see me, my dear husband. Indeed, I'm glad to see you, you know. Well, and what have you got to say to me to night?"

Indeed, I'm glad to see you, you know. Well, and what have you got to say to me to-night?"

Sir Edward stepped up to the table and took from his pocket a leather case. His hands trembled very much, and his face was perfectly rigid and pale; but there was a strange calmness in his voice when he spoke.

"I have got nothing to say to you, save this," he said: "In this case you will find the sum I propose to allow you every year. Please to look at it and see if it is right, and give me a receipt." give me a receipt."
She took the case from his hand and counted

She took the case from his hand and counted the notes that lay within it. A smile of gratification passed across her face as she put the case in her breast.

"Generous as ever, Sir Edward," she said.
"This will do very well—very well indeed. I will give you an acknowledgment. Well, and when are you going to be married to —"
"Be silent!" said the baronet. "You have said too much already. Remember that the money I have given you is the price of your silence. Be pleased, therefore, to keep that silence."

money I have given you is the price of your silence. Be pleased, therefore, to keep that silence."

Violet laughed. It was her own dry, contemptuous, derisive laugh, and Sir Edward groaned inwardly as he heard it.

"All right, my dear husband," she said.

"I'll not pry into your little affairs. Henceforth, save on the occasion of paying this little morecau, we're dead to each other. See, here's your receipt, if you must call it by so business-like a name. It's all formal—stamped

and everything and asgued Estelle Lascelles.
Quite correct—eh?"
He took the bit of paper she gave him and placed it in his pocketbook, and went towards the door.
"Aren't you going to shake hands with me and say good-evening?" said Violet.
He turned back slowly, and coming close to her looked fixedly in her mocking face for a morest.

a moment.
"You vile creature!" he said, in low, clear
tones, that told of long suppressed emotion.
"It would take an eternity of fire to cleanse my hand if it touched yours. Do you know how you have blasted my life and another life? Do you know what your wiles, you beautiful flend, have done for me?" Violet stepped back a pace or two and looked at him.

looked at him.
"Sir Edward Lascelles, you poor, pitiful
fool!" she said: "ask yourself what your own
foolishness did for you before you accuse me.
You made your own bed, now lie on it." He gave one deep groan, and hurried from

He gave one deep groan, and hurried from the room.

Violet took up a book, wheeled the most comfortable chair she could find towards the fire, and sat down.

"I had him there," she said, musingly, "Poor fool—poor fool."

And for the remainder of that night she gave him there, wither the unit. gave him never another thought.

Sir Edward went from the cottage, past the inn, past the church where the light still burned in the vestry window, and so on through the snow and the wind till he came to the state of the state

to the park.

It was as wild a winter night as one could possibly find, and the snow lay in great drifts beneath the trees and by the walls, but he took no heed, and went straight to the gate where he had met Violet in the after-There he paused for one moment, and looked at the lights in the house before him. He stood but a moment, and then with something very like a deep sob, he plunged

windows; but at last he turned away and passed on through the shrubbery to the lawn, and so to the park.

When he reached the little gate, he looked back longingly at the lighted windows.

"Good by, sweetheart—good by!" he said.

"I can't make it out, Arabella. It's something that's perfectly incomprehensible to
me. I've thought it over for the last three
weeks or so and I can't make it out. It's
perfectly incomprehensible."
Miss Spicer sat by the fire knitting.
It was evening, and she and Miss Arabella
had been to evensong and got back again,
and now they were discussing something
which they had not failed to discuss at any
moment since the something happened.

which they had not failed to discuss at any moment since the something happened.

"Perfectly incomprehensible," repeated Miss Arabella.

"I saw him," said Miss Spicer, in tones of chaste horror and maidenly resentment. "I saw him—him, a clergyman, actually kiss that woman!"

"Please, 'm," said Jane, popping her round face within the door, "there's Nancy Wood wants to see you."

Nancy wood that that temate todges. Show Nancy in, Jane, immediately!"
So Jane fetches Nancy in, and Nancy, with a clouded countenance, sits down in the presence of Miss Spicer and Miss Arabella Spicer, and having heaved a deep sigh, pre-

Spicer, and having heaved a deep sigh, prepares to be interrogated.

"Well, Nancy," says Miss Spicer, in her most urbane manner," how are you to-day?"

Nancy sniffs, looks round the room with much contempt, and shrugs her shoulders.

"I'm no better than I should be, Miss Arrybella," she says, totally ignoring the presence of Miss Spicer; "thanks to you, marm, all the same. Poor folk don't have no call to be in good health, especially with such a husband as I've got, and no luxuries, and forced to be teetotallers, whether or no."

"Will you take a glass of ale, Nancy?" says she.

good."

So Nancy is supplied with ale and plum cake; and presently, when she is considerably mollified, Miss Spicer begins the delicate task of interrogation.

"So you've got a lodger, now, Nancy?"
she says.

"And it's not my fault that I haven't," replies Nancy, with a long pull at the ale.

"Tearing round o' nights, and talking to strange men, and 'avin' 'em come to see her, promiskus-like, when she's all alone—and them parsons, too. I say it's scandalous, Miss Arrybella!"

"And is all that true, Nancy?" says Miss Suicer. Spicer.

"Which I should never ha' believed it of the sect, marm," says Nancy. "Bein' a woman myself, and knowin' what's what, and me married, too, if I hadn't ha' seen it all methods."

"Tell us all about it, Nancy," says Miss Arabella

"Tell us all about it, Nancy," says Miss Arabella.

And as Nancy is a woman, and, moreover, as her heart is warmed with Miss Spicer's good ale, she does not tell all about it.

When Nancy went forth she was in a happy state of mind. Miss Spicer's ale was good, and she had had three glasses of it, Miss Arabella's cake was also good, and she had had two thick slices thereof.

So she tripped nimbly along the road by the edge of the cliffs, ruminating over her evening's experiences and thinking about her lodger and the new parson.

"Don't tell me," she said, thinking aloud; "I knows. He don't comethere for nothing, or my name isn't Hannah Wood. No, my fine lady; you've something to offer him when he gets there, I'll be bound. Gent's doesn't go to see ladies without a reason. Oh, no, and gets there, I'll be bound. Gent's doesn't go to see ladies without a reason. Oh, no, and him a parson. Oh, dear—oh dear! it's a wicked world—it's a wicked world! And now, who'd ha' thought o' this? Well, laws-a-massy, but I never did!" And Nancy started back, and stood quite motionless at a sight which had met her wondering gaze on turning the corner of a

wondering gaze on turning the corner of a grove of trees.

There stood the very persons of whom she had been thinking.

He was explaining all his views, all his aims; telling her what had transpired since the time when he, an Oxford undergraduate, had first met her and her father and fallen madly in love with her golden hair and blue eyes and believed himself loved in return. She was telling him how, with her father, she had left England and gone to India, where her father had died, and how she had come back to England with enough money to live comfortably on, but with no friends—no work to do.

I am rich, Godfrey," she said, "and the

might be brought here. I have no friends— no acquaintances even, in England, and noth-ing to do. Let me stay here in Elmsea and help you."
"Don't talk of that, Violet," said the vicar.

MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

"I have forgiven you long since for that, and it only distresses you to speak of it. If you will stay here and help me I shall be very glad indeed, and you will do the church a

"But the world talks," she said. "and people will say all kinds of unpleasant things. Your Miss Spicers, for instance, may wonder why I stop here."
"But if I tell them that you are an old

tended husband left Elmsea and went no one knows where. Such a sad affair I never knew. Poor Lascelles! I shall never forget that night of his going."

"Lascelles?" said Violet. "Do you mean Sir Edward Lascelles?"

"Yes: Sir Edward and I were at Oxford to-gether. We— What is the matter, Vio-let?" said the vicar, breaking off short in his sentence to look at his companion, who had suddenly stonned.

will. 'Good-by," she said.

"Good-by," she said.

Then they shook hands, and the vicar went into the church, and Violet to her rooms at Nancy's. Once in their shelter, she sat down and drew out a pockethook.

"Jones and Winter," she said, writing the names down. "That's right, I think. I nearly forgot it while he was chattering. Oh. Godfrey Hemming—Godfrey Hemming, what a fool you are—what a fool you are, to tell me all that news! Yes, you are a fool." She rose from her seat and walked up and down the room.

"And yet," she went on in a lower voice, "simple as you are, I love you! I love you!" And old Nancy, listening at the door as usual, went back to her kitchen, muttering; "Love him! Laws-a-massy, it's a wicked world!"